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1607/221

Duke and no Duke.

As it is Acted by

His Majesty's Servants.

To which is now added,

A PREFACE concerning *Farce*: With an Account of
the *Persona* and *Larva*, &c. Of the Ancient THEA-
TRE.

By N. TATE.



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THE PREFACE.

BOTH *Italy* and *France* have swarm'd with Criticks upon the Business of the Stage, and trac'd its History up to *Thespis's* Cart. The *Mimica Satyra* *Tragadia* *Comedia* have been thoroughly canvass'd. A Man might almost conjure with their *Planipedes*, *Attalana*, *Pratextata*, *Tabernaria*, &c. Distinctions, Divisions and Subdivisions, but amongst them All not one word of a Farce. None have taken into Consideration, or condescended to tell us, whether the *Trappolin*, *Scapin*, *Harlequin* or *Scaramouch* be Originals; or if *Farce* be a Species of Stage-Poetry unknown to the Ancients. This Subject therefore being yet untouch'd, and the Bookseller having occasion to re-print this short Play, I thought it worth the business of a Preface, to speak my Sentiments of the Matter, though but to provoke some learned Person to clear the Doubt, and set the Question in a true Light.

In order to this Enquiry, 'twill be proper first to speak something of those Stage-Properties or Implements called *Persona* and *Larva*, used by Players of former Times; for *Harlequin* was not the first that acted in a Vizard.

Atheneus in his Twelfth Book mentions one *Aristophanes* of *Byzantium*, with several others, who had written particularly on this Subject. Amongst Latin Writers *Anton. Cord. Urc.* is said to have publish'd an Elegant Epistle concerning this matter. *Calius Calagn.* in his Book Entitul'd, *Personati*, speaks pretty home to the Point; and above all, the learned *Bullinger*, lib. 1. de *Theatro*.

But

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But I meet with enough for my purpose in the *Syntagma* of *Marischott*, who, for the benefit of most Readers, contents himself with citing the Latin Version of *Lucian* *, and others, which I have so transcribed on occasion as I there found them. Neither can my Abstract of his Book seem needless, because the Treatise it self having been only printed in *Italy*, is scarce to be met with in *England*.

* *De Personis*
& *Lævis*.
'Tis agreed that the Word *Persona* in a restrained Sense signifies only the Vizard or counterfeit Face worn by the Actor: But in larger and more frequent Acceptation, the whole Habit or Dress of Him that enter'd the Scene; which (under the Reign of Old Comedy) was contrived exactly like the usual wearing Garb of some Person whom they had a mind to represent upon the Stage. An Instance hereof against no less a Person than *Socrates* we find described at large by *Ælian*. The Substance of the Story is this: That *Aristophanes* in his *vesperæ* represented both the Figure, Gesture and Habit of *Socrates*, with which Spectacle the *Athenians* were at first surprized. However, the common sort presently expressed their Applause. *Socrates* himself being then amongst the Audience, not by chance but design, and seated where he might be most exposed to view, encountring with his grave, steddly and unconcerned Countenance at once the Mimickry of the Actor, and Raillery of the Poet.

But whether the Stage-dresses and Masks were made in Imitation of some particular Person, or contrived by Humour and Fancy, as might be most agreeable to the Fable, (in which they always observed a *Decorum*.) 'Tis evident, says my Author, that they never enter'd the Scene *nisi Personis induti*.

But who was the first Inventor of them is a Matter of no small Dispute. They appear to be as ancient as the Practice of Plays and Drolls themselves, which were of as old a date as the Worship of *Bacchus*, or perhaps any other Gods. That this manner of Celebrating the Rites of *Bacchus* was in use not only among the *Thracians* and *Greeks*, but also very frequent and ancient among the *Latins*. We have evident Proof from *Virgil's Georgicks*, Lib. II. with a most elegant Description of the *Persona* in these Words.

—————*Baccho*



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———*Baccho caper omnibus Aris*

*Ceditur & veteres ineunt proscenia Ludi :
 Præmiaque ingentis pagos & compita circum
 Thesida posuere, atque inter pocula lati
 Mollibus in pratis unctos salire per utres ;
 Nec non Ausonii Trojæ gens missa celoni
 Versibus incomptis ludunt, risuque soluto
 Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis.*

Ovid hints almost as much in the *Minores Quinquatrus* celebrated in Honour of *Minerva*.

*Et jam Quinquatrus jubeor narrare minores
 Huc ades O captis flava Minerva meis ;
 Cur vagus incedat tota tibicen in urbe.
 Quid sibi Persona, quid Toga picta velint.*

Suidas affirms *Charilus* the *Athenian* to have been the first that erected a Stage, and used the *Larva* ; yet elsewhere (according to *Diomedes* and other Greek Writers) he makes *Thespis* Inventor of the *Persona*, who at first discoloured his Face with Vermilion, before he came to taste the Juice of Purslane ; or, according to *Horace*, the Dregs of Wine.

———*Plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis*

Quæ canerent agerentur peruncti facibus ora.

This Practice, and *Carlsbow's* of *Thespis* were performed about the 56th Olympiad. Others give the Honour of this Invention to *Æschylus*, and presume that they have likewise *Horace's* Word for their Opinion.

*Post hunc Persona palleg; repertor honesta
 Æschylus*———

But *Horace* is still consistent, if rightly understood ; for he does not affirm *Æschylus* to be the absolute Inventor of the *Persona*, but of the *Persona Honestæ*, of more graceful Masks and Habits than were contrived by others ; for which Reason we may suppose, as *Philostratus* relates, this *Æschylus* was called the Father of Tragedy. After *Æschylus*

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lus Stage-Habits for Women were also invented by *Phrynichus*.

Amongst the *Romans* till *Livius Andronicus* his Time, the *Galeri* and not *Personæ* were used upon the Stage; and *Suidas* will have *Roscius Gallus* to be the first that brought the *Personæ* into custom with the *Romans*: But *Donatus* tells us, that *Minutius* and *Prothobius* were the first Players that Acted Tragedy, *Personati*: Which Fashion afterwards obtained that Degree, that *Nero Caesar* himself is recorded by *Suetonius* to have appeared in such Dresses upon the open Stage. *Tragœdias cantaverit Personatus; Herôum Deorumque item heroidum & Dearum, Personis effictis.* These pompous and splendid Dresses were proper for Tragedy both *Pollux* and *Donatus* affirm.

Next to Tragedy came Satyr, which was but a Species of the former, as appears by the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*. This sort of *Drama* (though less practised as the World grew more civilized) had also it's peculiar *Personæ* or *χρηματισμοί*, made of Goats Skins and Hides, and other Beasts, which are described by *Dionysius*, *Pollux* and *Cassianus*.

The personal Habits used in the Licentious *Comidia* were

**Pœt. Lib. c. 4.*
14. *Lib. xi. c. 12.*
l. 4. c. ix. *Morum Charact.*
Ch. 6.

were contrived (as we instanced) to represent particular Persons, * which therefore could be no constant or fix'd Garb; For *Suidas* says expressly, ἐν τῷ γὰρ τοῖς κωμικοῖς &c.--- That is, *Moris fuit ut Comici Personæ*

Histrionibus darent eorum similes quos imitarentur. *Horace* alludes to the same Custom, *Sat. 4.*

Quivis Stomacheter eodem quo personatus Pater. These resembling Dresses (says the *Scholiast* upon *Aristoph.*) were so aptly contrived, that the Spectators knew what the Actor mimick'd at his first Appearance, before he spoke a Word. While *Athens* was a popular State, the Rabble were so much delighted with these Representations of particular Men, that *Isocrates* complains they would run to those Entertainments from their Orators, while they were haranguing upon Matters of greatest Importance to the Publick. 'Tis true, this Practice of exposing Men upon the Stage, was at its beginning more justifiable, while confin'd to those Limits mention'd by *Horace*.

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*Si quis erat dignus describi quod malus aut fur,
Quod Machusve foret, aut Sicarius, aut aliqui Famosus.*

ay, it did not a little conduce to the reforming of the
ate, in deterring Men from Wickedness; upon
which *Dionys. Halycarn.* did not stick to affirm * * *Dionys.*
Enpolis Gratinus and *Aristophanes*, that they *ἐν τῇ πόλει*
reform'd the Office of Philosophers and
men as well as of Poets. But when from representa-
of evil Men, the Practice declin'd to the Traducing of
the Good and Vertuous, and even to the Dishonour of Re-
gion, and ridiculing their very Gods, 'twas high time for
the Government to take Cognizance of the Matter, and
act Laws to restrain their License.

——— *Lex est accepta Chorusq;*
Turpitur Obtruncit Sublate jure nocendi,
Horace, Art. Poet.

——— *Fam sevens apertam*
In rabiem verti capit iocus & per honestas,
Ire domos, &c.

And a little after,

——— *Lex*
Pœnaq; lata malo quæ nollet Carmine quemquam,
Describi. Epist. Lib. 3.

Upon this Regulation succeed the *Media* and *Nova Co-*
which the *Personæ ludicæ* & *ad risum accommodatæ*
invented and made familiar to the Stage. One con-
speculiar Habit, when the part of a *Padagogue* was
plaid, another of a *Parisite*, others of *Bawds*, *Cooks*,
All which are recited by *Donatus*, *
more largely by * *Pollux*. That * *In prolegom. ad*
medians acted Personati in *Terence* his *Terent.*
e appears by an ancient Copy of that * *Lib. 4. c. 19.*
thor preserved in the *Vatican*, where
ures are drawn of the Actors in the Play, as they were
Personati and *Personati*.

*Tis

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'Tis impossible for us to conceive the Art and Curiosity in the Contrivance and Making of these Shapes, in which these Players acted, or how much the Player himself was sometimes enamour'd on his *Persona*, or Stage-dress, attributing his Success and Theatrical Applause to the Similitude in which he acted. As to this Particular, *Pliny* has given us an Instance of memorable Event in his Natural History, *Lib. 8. cap. 43.* speaking of *M. Opilius Hilarus*. He tells us, That this Actor having wonderfully pleased the People in performance of a certain Part; He invited his Friends to a Treat upon his Birth-day, and the Shape in which he succeeded so well being brought into sight, he pull'd off his banqueting Wreath from his Head to put it upon the Figure, which he survey'd with such Pleasure, that he lost his Sense, grew stiff and cold, and was perceived by the Company, expir'd with Transport.

Hitherto we have discoursed of the *Persona* in the large Acceptation, as it signified amongst them, the intire Stage Habit. But must acknowledge that it was sometimes taken in a more restrain'd Sense, and used by Actors for only the *Larva* or Vizard, as the *Larva* again is sometimes mentioned to express the *Persona* intire.

Martial uses the Word for a Border or Perriwigg, *Epigram. 43. Lib. 3.*

*Mentiris juvenem tinctis Lentine capillis,
Tam subito Corvus, qui modo cignus eras;
Non omnes fallis, scit te Præserpina canum,
Personam capiti detrahabet illa tuo.*

But *Seneca* expressly for a Mask or Vizard, *Quid tantopere supinat? Quid Vultum habitumq; or is prævertit ut malis habet Personam quam faciem.*

The Advantages of using these *Persona* or Disguises on the Stage were, in Comedy, that they might first have Resemblance to the Person imitated, and afterwards adapted for Humour, and to excite Mirth; besides the Consistency

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the Decency of the Actors, who were in those Days generally too modest to Act bare-
faced, † and in usual Habits. In Tragedy the Dress assisted to the Pomp and Show. The Tragedian's Vizard making the Voice to come forth more sonorous, being made with a larger Mouth that seem *Hiare* as the Actor spoke, which I could almost suppose *Perfius* to hint in that Verse.

† *Tet Nero* that Minister having compell'd Noblemen to act Parts in a Play, he Commanded them to pull off their Vizards on the Stage, *Histrionum apparatus eos patefaciens Hominibus apud quos ipsi paulo ante Magistratum gesserant.*

* *Lucian de Salt* describing the *Mimick Mask*, says it was *Larva pulcherrima. Quæ non immane hint ut Trägica.*

Fabula seu mæsto ponatur blanda Tragedo.

The Convenience of these Disguises on other Occasions, in Interludes at Sacred Rites (as they call'd them) is manifest from *Servius* on our fore-cited Place

* *Virgil, Quia necesse erat pro ratione Sacro-
m aliqua ludicra & turpia fieri quibus populo
esset risus Moveri, quæ ea exercebant, propter ve-
cundiam remedium hoc adhibuerunt, ne agnosce-
antur.*

* *Upon the--
Baccho caper
omnibus aris,
&c. Georg. l. 2.*

Yet were not Disguises, Masks and Maskers, employ'd only in the Service of the Theatre and Temples, but profusely used by the Ancients on many other Occasions, in Triumphs, Feasts, Marriages, Funerals, &c. the History whereof would be furnish'd with many entertaining circumstances; but I must remember that I am confin'd to the scanty Limits of a Preface.

The good Uses that have been made of Vizards and counterfeir-Habits, without the compass of the Theatre would make up no small Collection, but the Abuses of them much greater. This would afford more Horror than diversion. The yearly Harvest of Wickedness, and evil consequences occasion'd by the Carnival at *Venice*, give too sufficient Proofs of the Mischief. *Larvati* took their Appellation from *Larva*, a Vizard; and *Larvæ* from the *Larvæ*, whom the Ancients supposed to possess Men's Minds with Madness. This was ascribed as peculiar to those

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Powers. Can there be greater Demonstration of Distraction and Frenzy of all sorts, than in the Impious Practices and Debaucheries at the fore-mentioned Festival? Can all their Mortifications of the ensuing *Lent* make any tolerable Amends for the Lewdness then committed? Has the Devil at any time such a Jubilee, where Vice like an Infernal *Cebele* sees all her black Offspring assembled together? What are the effects of this Masquerade, but Whoredoms, Adulteries, Incests, Brawls, Murders, and a general Corruption of Manners. *Pollydor.* recites it to the Honour of our *English* Ancestors, that they had Law in force against Masquerading. *Capitale fuisse si quis personam induisset. De Rev. Invent. l. 5. c. 2. Ludovicus vires, lib. de Christianâ Faminâ,* thinks he did the masquerading Ladies no wrong, in affirming, that *detrimentum quod sub Personarum earum accepit verecundia citra personam se proferat & ostendat*. That they proved after wearing those Disguises just as modest out of their Masques as they were in them. And honest *Juvenal* civilly puts the Question.

Quem prastare potest mulier Larvata pudrem?

But restoring these Guises to their proper Owners, the Stage-Players, let us proceed from the Consideration of the *Larva* to our first Enquiry about *Farce*, and whether or no the Ancients had any such Species of Stage-Poetry.

In the first place I wou'd ask the Reader's Opinion, if he can suppose any more genuine and natural Use of those *Larvæ* or Vizards which we have described, than for *Farce* Players, especially if we take in those other Implements mentioned by *Lucian, de Salt.* thus rendred by *Marisch*. *Mitto aditicia pectora & ventres fictitios, adjunctam & artificiosum compositum corporis crassitudinem.* One would almost conclude from this Description of their Stage-Properties, that they could be contrived for nothing but *Farce*.

I have not yet seen any Definition of *Farce*, and dare not be the first that ventures to define it. I know not by what Fate it happens (in common Notion) to be the most contemptible sort of the Drama. 'Tis thought to bring least Reputation to an Author. But if the difficulty of the Task were to decide the Case, we should soon alter our

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Opinion. I would desire him who thinks it an easie thing, to make Tryal of it with all the speed he can, it being such a Work.

* *As every man may think to write,* * *Ld. Roscom.*
And not without much pains be undeceiv'd. Transl.

The reason of the Difficulty I presume to be this, (and the Undertakers will find it true) That Comedy proper-ly so called, is in Imitation of Humane Life, (*quicquid agunt homines*) and subsists upon Nature; so that whosoever has a Genius to copy her, and will take the Pains, is assured of Success, and all the World affords him Subject. Whereas the business of Farce extends beyond Nature and Probability. But then there are so few Improbabilities that will appear pleasant in the Representation, that it will strain the best Invention to find them out, and require the best Judgment to manage them when they are conceived. Extravagant and monstrous Fancies, are but sick Dreams, that rather torment than divert the Mind; but when Extravagancy and Improbability happen to please at all, they do it to purpose, because they strike our Thought with greatest Surprise. But to our Question.

I cannot averr, that the Ancients had Entertainments on the Stage entirely resembling the *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, but 'tis highly probable that the Satyrical Diversions and Interludes invented to * relieve the Heaviness of Tragedy were of this nature. For that they were introduced to mix Mirth and Raillery, and thereby to take off the serious Action, is expressly told us.

* *As the French now make use of their Farces.*

*Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ch hircum
 Mox etiam egrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper
 Incolūmi gravitate, jocum tentavit: eò quod
 Illecebris erat & gratā Novitate morandus
 Spectator.*

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For



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* In her admirable Preface to her Version of Amphitrio.

For as *Madam le Fevre* * says, the Stage-Satyr, or Satyrizing Scenes must by no means be confounded with Satyrick Poems written by *Lucilius*, *Horace* or Greek Satyrists. The Business of the Satyr-Actors was not to lash out into long Invectives, only now and then a Flurt of such harmless Sarcasm as used to be sometimes thrown out by *Harlequin* or *Scaramouch*, because as *Horace* adds,

*Ita risores ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, &c.*

Which shews they were to keep within Bounds; and what he subjoins

——— *Ita: vertere seria ludo.*

Seems to imply Drollery, Banter, Buffoonry, Vagaries, Whimsies, which are so many Ingredients of Modern Farce. Nay, I have somewhere read (though I cannot at present recollect my Author) that their Comick Actors used to deliver what they had to say in various and feigned Tones, which was *Harlequin's* manner.

Nor will this appear unlikely, if we consider particularly the Gesticulations, Tricks, Feats of Activity, and wonderful Performances of another sort of Actors, whom they called *Mimi* and *Pantomimi*, from their admirable knack at Mimickry; which was not the least of *Harlequin's* and *Scaramouch's* Talents. 'Tis unconceivable how expert these Persons were in humorous Actions, as will appear by a few Testimonies very well worth our mentioning.

Their Performance was so extraordinary, that as *Strabo* informs us, *Lib. 14.* their Art was called *μυωδία*, the Legerdemain Shifts, Sights and Postures, Magical Art *Prestigia*: And further asserts, *Eos quam sapissime argumento e Comadiis desumpto varias personas representasse, nunc femina, nunc lenonis, nunc Adulteri, nunc temulenti.* To which we may add that old Epigram.

*Tot Lingua quæ membra viro, mirabilis Ars est,
Quæ facit Articulus, ore tacente, loqui.*

Then

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There was no Fable accommodated to the Stage, which these Mute-Actors could not represent by Gestures and Movements of their Body. For as *Lucian* says, *Personis in Scenam introductis, gestibus per omnia responderent, neque ea quæ dicuntur ab introductis optimatibus, aut agricolis, aut mendicis discrepabant sed in unoquoq; illorum proprietas & excellentia demonstrabantur.* In dumb Action and Gestures they could express, and as it were, speak what they pleased. Wherefore * *Tigranes* amongst all the Rarities the World's Imperial City afforded, begg'd * *Vi. Scalg. Poet. l. i.* one of these *Pantomimes* to serve him as it were for an Interpreter to all Nations.

Pantomimus (says *Cassiod. Var. 4. Epist. ult.*) à *multifaria imitatione nomen est, idem corpus Herculem designat & venerem, feminam præsentat & marem; Regem facit & Militem; Senem reddit & Juvenem ut in uno videas esse multos.* And *Lucian* seeing a *Pantomime* prepare to personate five Representations, cries, That the Mimick seem'd to him to have five Souls, who could exhibit so many Personages with one Body. What was all this but Farce to the Degree of *Harlequin* with his Cloak, whisk'd about, and acting a Windmill.

All this, you'll say, was only Farce of Action, Farce in the Player, nothing on the Poets Part, no Proof that the Ancients had any written Farce.

I will not affirm they had any Stage-Play entirely of *Harlequin* and *Scarramouch's* Cast; but if *Molier's* Comedies come under the Denomination of Farce, (as every body allows) 'tis plain that both the *Greeks* and *Romans* had Farcical Plays. The Comedies of *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* are mostly of this Cut, call them *Palliata*, *Togate*, mixt Comedy, low Comedy, or what you will. Their Old Comedy, generally speaking, had the very Air of Farce. *Aristophanes* his *Socrates* Philosophing in a Basket, &c. is as much Farce as any thing in the Character of Mr. *Hadwell's Virtuoso*. The Frog and Swimming-Master, lame Spider, Bottled Air, &c. are not more Humorous and Farcy. *Aristophanes* his *Frogs* were a very Rehearsal of those days: As our *Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle* was a sort of *Quixot* on the Stage. Which teaches us, that Farce is not inconsistent with good Sense, because 'tis capable

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pable of Satyr, which is Sense with a Vengeance. The *Amphytrio* and *Menach* of *Plautus* through the whole Contrivance and Course of Accidents are all Farce. They were the Originals of *Shakespeare's* Comedy of Errours, and the *Italian Trappoline*. I would not be a Heretick in Poetry, but Reason and Experience convince us, that the best Comedies of *Ben. Johnson* are near a-kin to Farce; nay, the most entertaining parts of them are Farce it self. The *Alchymist* which cannot be read by any sensible Man without Astonishment, is Farce from the opening of the First Scene to the end of the Intreigue. 'Tis Farce, but such Farce as bequeaths that Blessing (pronounced by *Horace*) on him that shall attempt the like.

———*Sudet multum frustra; laboret*
Ausus idem.

The whole business is carry'd on with Shuffles, Sharps and Banter, to the greatest degree of Pleasantness in the World. For Farce (in the Notion I have of it) may admit of most admirable Plot, as well as subsist sometime without it. Nay, it has it's several Species or Distinctions as well as Comedy amongst the *Romans Stataria mixta* &c. but still 'twas Comedy. So Comedy may admit of Humour, which is a great Province of Farce; but then it might be such Humour as comes within compass of Nature and Probability: For where it exceeds these Bounds it becomes Farce. Which Freedom I would allow a Poet and thank him into the Bargain, provided he has the Judgment so to manage his Excursion, as to heighten my Mirth without too grossly shocking my Senses. I cannot call to mind one Humour in all *Terence's* Plays, but what he might have taken by Observation, all lies within the Compasses of Conversation; but therefore *Cesar* (amidst all his Beauties and Excellencies) says he, wants the *Vis Comica* which made *Plautus* so diverting. There is so much said for these two Authors by their respective Admirers, that a Man knows not where to give the Preference. All that I would presume to say, is, That I esteem them both admirable in their way; that one chose to write pure Comedy in the strictest Notion, and the other liberty of extending

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Comedy sometimes into Farce; and each got his Point, *Terence* of being exact, and *Plautus* pleasant. Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, says our greatest * Master of Comedy, who scorn'd not to Copy sometimes from the Ancients; yet for one Hint he has taken from *Terence*, he has borrowed three from *Plautus*. I will instance only that pleasant Passage in his *Alchymist*, where the Confederates banter and play upon *Surly* disguised like a *Spanish Don*, not supposing that he understood them. We find the same Humour in the *Parulus* of *Plautus*, where the old *Carthaginian* speaks in the *Punick* Language; *Milphio* a Roman Servant plays the wagg, and drolls upon him, under pretence of interpreting for him; the Stranger suffers him to run himself out of breath with his Ribaldry, and then surprizes him with thundring out as good Latin as the best of them could speak. *Volpone's* playing the Mountebank in the *Fox* is Farce; and Sir *Politick's* turning himself into a Tortoise. This Passage however is undiverting, which proves (as I said) the Nicety of Judgment required in managing Improbabilities. Had this been told to the Audience like other Projects which are only recited, it might have made a pleasant Relation.

* Ben. Johnson's Verses on *Shakespeare*.

Now if we enquire into the best of our Modern Comedies, we should find the most diverting parts of them to be Farce, or near a-kin to it. Remembrancer *John* in the *Cutler*, Sir *Martin* turn'd East-India Gentleman, the Tryal scene in the *Spanish Fryar*, where *Gomes* menac'd by the Colonel in dumb shew, runs Counter in his Evidence, says and unsays in a Breath, till he confounds himself and the Court. Such Pleasantry as this is I cannot think below it's great Author, who in the Serious Scenes of the same Play, has shewn us the Refinedness and Perfection of the *English* Style. *Quintilian*, speaking of Repartees, after these Words, * *Longe venustiora omnia in respondendo quam in provocando*; That more Wit's required to retort a Jest than to break one, adds this expression, *Accedit difficultati quod ejus rei nulla exercitatio, nulli praeceptores*. The same may be said of Farce; there are no Rules to be prescribed for that sort of Wit, no patterns to Copy, 'tis altogether the Creature of Imagination.

* Lib. vi. c. 3. de *Risu*.

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tion. And our *English Mecænas* (to whose Judgment the Muses willingly subscribe) has declared that he approves *Genius* and *Invention* beyond the best Performances of *Imitation*. Such is the Farce-Writers Task. Neither can I assume any thing to my self by the Preference I have given to Farce on account of the *Trapoline*, which I only new modell'd : I pretend but to have Improv'd what I would be proud to have Invented.

PRO

PROLOGUE.

Written by a Friend of the Author's,
Upon the first Drinking of Islington
Water.

Gallants,

*W*HO would have thought to have seen so many here,
At such a rambling Season of the Year; (Eye!
And, what's more strange, All well and Scund, to the
Pray Gentlemen forgive me if I Lie.

I thought this Season to have turn'd Physician,
But now I see small hopes in that Condition:
Yet how if I should hire a Black Flower'd Jump,
And ply at Islington, Doctor to Sadler's Pump?
But first let me consult old Erra Pater,
And see what he advises in the matter.

Let's see—

*R*O Venus and Mars, I find in Aries are,
In the Ninth House—a dull dry Bobbing Year.
The Price of Mutton, will run high, 'tis thought,
And Vizard Masks will fall to ten a Groat.
The Moon's in Scorpio's House or Capricorns,
Friends of the City govern well your Horus:
Your Wives will have a mighty Trade this Quarter,
I find they'll never leave their Natural Charter.
For once take my Advice as a true Friend,
When they a Walk to the new Wells pretend.
If you'll avoid your Fate quick hasten after,
They use more ways to Cool, than Drinking Water.

The



The Persons.

<i>Lavinio,</i>	The Great Duke of <i>Tuscany</i> .
<i>Brunetto,</i>	alias <i>Horatio</i> , Prince of <i>Savoy</i> .
<i>Barberino</i>	} Lords, Councillors to <i>Lavinio</i> .
<i>Alberto.</i>	
<i>Trappolin.</i>	} A Parasite, Pimp, Fidler, and Buffoon, transform'd by Magick and Usurper to <i>Lavinio</i>
<i>Mago.</i>	
	A Conjuror.
	Captain of the Guards.
<i>Isabella.</i>	The Dutcheß.
<i>Prudentia.</i>	Sister to <i>Lavinio</i> .
<i>Flametta.</i>	<i>Trappolin's</i> Sweet-heart.
<i>Women.</i>	<i>Puritan.</i> <i>Embassadours</i>
	<i>Servants</i> and <i>Attendants</i> .

The Scene *Florence*.

A Duke



Mary Jane C. [unclear]
Duke and no Duke.

ACT I.

Trappolin and Flammetta.

Trap. **F**OR ever thine *Flametta*.
Fla. Thanks my Dear.
But am not I a fond Fool to believe you,
When you have been from me these two
long days?

I'm sensible I love you but too well,

or truly Dear you are a naughty man.

Trap. Pretty Rogue! how she fires my heart! now could
cry like any roasted Lobster.— What would old Lord
Arberino give for one such kind word from her. But
young and poor as she is, she is yet most constant and Vir-
tuous.—Not that I care much for Virtue neither.—Alas
my Dear, I have been much oppress'd with Business since I
saw thee. My Honour was at stake for procuring Con-
vents for no less than five Ministers of State. It 'as been
dead trading of late, but 'tis a comfort to see times mend,
now we are upon our Matrimony.

Fla. Let me Conjure you leave these vicious courses,
You must indeed, or we must never marry;
but you will be my Convert and Reform.

Trap.

Trap. All in good time Love ; it becomes me to seem
 Better so before me, when I do mend I shall certainly do
 it to purpose, I am so long about it.—In the mean time
 give thee leave to be honest, and I think that's fair.

Enter Barberino and Officers.

Who's here, my Rival Lord ?

Barb. Here is the Villain with his handsome Wench,
 And what (afflicts me more) an honest One ;
 I have these many Weeks attempted her,
 But neither Threats nor Presents can prevail,
 She must be virtuous, or her Poverty
 Could ne'r withstand the Offers I have made ;
 Yet were she virtuous she would ne'r allow
 This wicked Pandar so familiar with her ;
 This Fidling Parasite, Buffoon and Beggar :
 But on pretence of his enormities,
 I have procur'd this Order from the Duke
 For his immediate banishment from Florence.
 Most certainly, he bears some Spell about him,
 And when he's once remov'd, I shall succeed.

Trap. Again my Dear—*My good Lord Barberino, your Honour's humble Servant.*—For this free Promise, Love
 ne'er enough can thank Thee—*Your Lordships to Command*—No Fortune shall divide or change our Wills.—
Your Honour's humble Slave—What's Wealth or Power
 where Hearts consent like ours?—*Your Lordship's Vassal*—
 When thou dost sigh, thy *Trapolin* shall weep.—*Your Honour always shall Command Me*—And when thou sings't—

Fla. We are observ'd.

Learn to be honest, and I am Thine for ever. *(Exit)*

Trap. I beg your Lordship's pardon. Your Lordship
 saw how I was employ'd. The poor wretch has taken
 Fancy to me, and your Lordship knows I am a Person
 of liberal Education: That I bear not a Breast of Flint
 nor was Nurs't with the Milk of *Hircanian Bulls*. Now
 your Lordship has any thing to Command me, here
 stand ready, I'll *fido Trappolino*, your Honour's humble Ser-
 vant in all things possible and impossible.

Barb. You are a saucy peremptory Villain,
 And have too long escap'd the stroak of Justice.

Off. Nor is there such a Coward in all *Tuscany*,
 He's able to corrupt an Army.

A Duke and no Duke.

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Trap. Fear not that *Seignior Capitano*, for I never mean come into One.

Barb. So lewd a Pandar ne'er infected City,
What Wife or Daughter of the Noblest Blood
safe, where such a Hellish Factor breaths.

Trap. And can your Lordship on your Honour tax me
or want of Diligence in my Vocation?

Barb. Industrious hast thou been in Villany,
at Florence must no longer be the Scene;
this is your Warrant, Captain, from the Duke,
to drive this Miscreant from our City Gates.
and when he's seen again in *Tuscany*,
that Minute forfeits his abandon'd life.
thus has our Duke decreed.

Trap. At whose request?

Barb. On mine.

Trap. I am glad to find your Honour has so much Interest
in His Highness, and therefore make choice of your
Honour as the most proper person to solicit my Repeal.

Barb. Audacious Slave.

Trap. His Highness knows travelling is chargeable, and
besides my Stomach is of no ordinary Dimensions.

Barb. Away with him if he dispute your Orders,
call for the Parish Whips to your Assistance.

Trap. *Signior Officer* you may take his Lordship's word
when he says a Thing. You hear his Lordship hath
private business with me, and desires your abience—For
certain then his Highness is upon Treaty of Marriage
with the *Millanese*; your Lordship and I, were always of
opinion it would come to that.

Barb. Such harden'd Impudence was never seen.
Take him away.

Trap. My Lord, my Lord—Such a Primrose in a Corner
for you Lordship, never blown upon my Lord;—

Barb. Force him along.

Trap. *Flametta* my Lord, what says your Lordship to
Flametta? There's Eyes and Bubbies! Shall I bring her
to your Lordship—Nay my Lord, my Lord.

(they bear him off.)

(Exeunt.)

Enter

Enter Duke Lavinio, Alberto, Guards and Attendants.

Lav. I'm stung with Adders and shall go distracted;
Let me have breathing room.

Alb. Your Highness knows
I've ever have been watchful for your Honour,
And next to that I would preserve your quiet.

Lav. Choice Method, first blow poyson in my Ears,
And after that preach patience to me.

Alb. I fear my Duty has been too officious;
Dread Sir, reflect where was the mighty harm
In holding talk with him by open day?
I hope this fanning will incense the flame.

Lav. What harm? the very Bawd to their desires
Could never have a Forehead to dispute the harm:
A Virgin and a Princess seen to walk
And hold discourse apart with one of Race
Obscure, at least unknown, and no harm in't?
'Twere lewd, though they had only pray'd together:
Bring the Audacious Traytor to Our Presence.

(Brunetto brought in here)

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. Dread Sir, and twice my Noble Conqueror,

(Kneeling)

First in the Field, in which your Self alone
Could stop my Conquest with resistless Might,
And since in Gen'rous Princely Favours.

Lav. Rise.

I am not us'd to hearken after Praise,
Or Thanks for Benefits by me conferr'd,
For hitherto they always fell on Merit,
Which can at best be call'd but paying Debts.
Only in this Acknowledgement, I hear
Ingratitude from its own mouth condemn'd:
This Lord, the watchful *Argus* of my Honour,
Has charg'd you with a Crime will stain the Worth
You shew'd in Battle, and make Valour blush.

Alb. I but inform'd your Highness what I saw.

Bru. He's prejudic'd, I kill'd his Son in fight
In Service of my Prince, as he of you.

Lav. I have a Sister, dear to me as Fame,
Our Royal Father's only Care and Comfort,

My Dukedom (said he dying) I bequeath thee,
A slender Present and thy Due by Birth;
But with it all the Glory of our Race,
The spotless Honour of the *Medices*;
Preserve the Princely Blood from base-born taint,
But most secure it in the weaker part,
And match *Prudentia* with her Peer in Birth;
So shall I with my Ancestors have rest.
Now Sir, how far you have infring'd these Orders,
And brought a guilt unknown upon my head,
Leave your self to judge: Confess your Crime,
And Torture shall revenge it; smother it.
And Tortures shall extort it.

Bru. My charmed Soul
I am panting to my Lips to meet your Charge,
And beg forgiveness for its high presumption.
But since you talk of Tortures, I disdain
The servile Threats, and dare your utmost Rage;
I move the Princess, and have urg'd my passion.
Who' I confess all hopeless of return.
This with a Soldier's freedom I avouch,
Who scorns to lodge that Thought he dares not own:
Now Sir, Inflict what punishment you please.
But let me warn you, that your vengeance reach
My head, or neither of us can have rest. (straction!
Lau. Chains, Straw and Darknes! this is meer di-
rect Prison with him; you that waited on him (They lead
Now his Guard: Thin Diet and no Light; off Brunetto,
Such usage may restore him—Vengeance thus
Converts to Charity.

Enter Prudentia.

Prudentia,
Your Entrance has prevented me a Visit
To your Apartment, and half sav'd a Chiding:
But I must tell you, you have been to blame,
That Sister learn reserv'dness for the future,
Such as becomes your Quality, and hold
That place which Nature and unsporting Virtue
Has hitherto secur'd you in my Heart.

Pru. Most gracious Sir, If e'er my secret Soul
Admits one thought that is not first submitted

For

For Approbation to your Royal Will,
The Curse of Disobedience fall upon me;
As I in you have found a Father's Love,
I shall repay't with more than Filial Duty.

Law. Virtue and Honour ever guide thy way.
Thou'rt solitary, but shall quickly enjoy
A sweet Companion in our Royal Bride.
Sforza the Duke of *Millain*, our old Friend,
Who always in our Wars hath sent us aid,
Here offers me the beauteous *Isabella*
His Daughter for my Wife, and instantly
We will to *Millain* on the Expedition,
That Treatment once determin'd, we'll return
To *Florence*, where we'll celebrate our Nuptials
With what Magnificence becomes our State.

Prin. Go and be happy, Sir, in your fair Choice.

Barb. That Blessing's only wanting to our State.

Law. Lord *Barberino* and *Alberto*, you
Whom I have always found most faithful to me,
To you I do commit the Government
Of *Tuscany* 'till my return; your Power
I have unlimited, keep open Ear
To Just Complaints: Allow and Act no wrong;
Look closely to your Prisoner *Brunetto*.

Alb. So may your wish't Return be safe and speedy.

Law. Sister, your tears afflict us; a few Weeks
Shall grace our Court with the fair *Millanese*.
Lead on, 'tis time we were upon our way.

(*Exit*)

S C E N E. *A Desert.*

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. **T**HIS banisht life is very doleful—What
inhumane Duke was this to banish me, that
never banisht him? At every step I take, my
poor *Flametta* comes into my mind: She met me at the
Town's end, and would fain have come along with me
but that I told her she was not banisht and might not.—
Methinks

Methinks this is a very melancholy place, I have not met a living Body yet, but they had wings or four legs. Let me bethink me where to betake my self, I would to *Rome*, and turn Friar, but that I have too much Learning. A Man of my Occupation might once have finger'd the *Po-ux Ryals* in *Venice*, but now the Gentry go a more compendious way to work, and Pimp for one another; it quite spoils all trading.

[Soft Music in the Air.]

What sound is this? Sure this place must needs be haunted: This with a good Dinner were something, but as it is, it feels as if they were playing upon my small Guts.

[Storm and Thunder.]

So now, my airy Fiddlers are fallen out amongst themselves; I lik'd their first strain somewhat better. I would his Highness would come and banish me from this place too.

[Storm again, Mago the Conjuror rises.]

What's here? a decrepit old man? Now and I were sure he was of mortal Race, I would set upon him in the name of Famine—But if he should blow Brimstone in my Face there were a hopeful beginner baulk't.

Mag. Son, Thou art Banish'd—I know all the matter.

Trap. 'Tis true old Friend, I am banish'd—But how the Devil came you to know it?

Mag. Why, the Devil told me.

Trap. The Devil he did?—Why 'twas e'en his own doing, and so he could give you the best account of it.

Mag. Be not dismay'd, Preferment waits upon thee, I am so far from hurting thee,

That from poor *Trappolin*, I'll make thee a Prince.

Trap. Look you there again, he knows my name too.—For certain, this must be the Devil's kinsman—A Prince! poor *Trappolin* thanks you Father Conjuror, but has no mind to domineer in Hell: I know where your Territories lye.

Mag. Befotted Wretch, Thou dost not understand me; I tell thee Son, thou shalt return to *Florence*—

Trap. And he hang'd there for my labour.

Mag. Be honour'd there, exalted o're thy Fellows.

Trap. On a Gibbet.

C

Mag.

Mag. There shalt thou shine in wealth, and roul in plenty
 The Treasures of the East shall Court thy wearing ;
 The haughty Nobles shall seem Pigmies to thee ;
 All Nature shall be ranfack'd for thy Board,
 And Art be tir'd to find thee choice of Banquets ;
 Each day and hour shall yield new Scenes of pleasure,
 And crowding Beauties sue for thy Embraces.

Trap. Sure I have pimp'd for this old Fellow formerly
 he's so kind——Well, as you say, Father Conjuror (of
 some private Considerations that I have) this may not do
 amiss ; But how shall it be done ?

Mag. By *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*.

Trap. What they mean, I know not, but am satisfi'd
 by going to the Devil for it, and so much for that matter.

Mag. Here, seat thee in this Chair.

Trap. To be shav'd, Father Conjuror, by one of your
 black Valets ? I shall lather under their hands without
 Ball.

Mag. Sit still, and see the wonders of my Art ;
Eo, *Meo*, and *Areo*, rise.

Trap. What will become of this temporal Body of mine
 —— I am glu'd to my Seat here.——But hear you
 good Father, must this Retinue of yours needs appear ?

Mag. Of indispensable necessity.

Trap. Then good Father let them appear invisibly,
 have no great inclination to their Company : For to tell you
 the truth, I like yours none of the best, you are like the
 Devil enough to serve my turn

Mag. Now by the most prevailing spell
 That e're amaz'd the Powers of Hell ;
 That mid-night Witches ever try'd,
 While *Cynthia* did her *Crescent* hide ;
 While watchful Dogs to bark forbore,
 The Wolf to howl, the Sea to roar ;
 While *Robbin* do's his midnight Chare,
 And Plowmen sweat beneath the Mare ;
 By all the terrours of my Skill,
 Ascend, ascend, and execute my will.

[*Lightning and Thunder, Spirits rise, and sink down*
Trappolin.

Now proud *Lavinio*, little dost thou know

This secret practice of my just Revenge.

[After a Dance the Spirits rise again, with Trappolin dressed exactly like the Duke Lavinio.]

Trap. Oh Father what metal do you take me to be made of? I am not us'd to travel under ground? Oh for Dram of the Bottle of a Quart or two! Call you this preferment! Marry he deserves it that goes to the Devil for't, but I see no preferment neither.

Mag. Thou dost not know thy self, look in that Mirrour.

[Shews him a Looking glass.]

Trap. Who's there, the Duke?—Your Highness is well return'd: Your faithful Servant Trappolin begs of your Grace to call him home, and hang up this old Wizard; he'll Conjure your Grace out of your wits else, and your subjects out of your Dominions——What's he gone gain? He's for his frisque under ground too. I have made way for him, I have work'd like any Mole; and made holes you may thrust Churches through.

Mag. 'Tis thou thy self that represents the Duke; What in that Glas thou saw'st is but thy Picture.

Trap. If that be my Picture I am the Picture of the Duke.

Mag. And shalt be taken for the Duke himself.

Trap. The Dress is just like him, and for ought I know, is Dress that makes a Duke.—Let me see, what must I say now? my Highness is your Highness's humble Servant.—This Conjuror is a rare Fellow.

Mag. As thou didst here seem to thy self.

Thou shalt thou to the world appear the perfect Duke:

Go to Florence then and take thy State upon thee.

Trap. Trust me for Duking of it. I long to be at it. I know not why every man should not be Duke in his turn.—Father Conjuror, time is precious with us great Persons: However, I should be glad to see you at Court. It may be the better for you, for as I take it, we shall have some change of Ministers, and so Farewel.

Mag. Stay Son, Take this enchanted powder with thee, Preserve it carefully, for at thy greatest need

I will give thee aid: When any Foe assaults,

Cast but this Magick Powder in his face,

And thou shalt see most wonderful effects.

Trap.

Trap. Good, Now I'm satisfi'd I am the Duke
Which some shall rue: Good Father, Fare you well.
Ho, Mee, and Aree — Pass. [*Exit. Conju. vanishes*]

S C E N E. *The Palace.*

Barberino and Flametta.

Flam. I Do beseech your Honour to repeal
My only joy, my banisht *Trappolin*;
Take pity on a helpless Virgins tears,
Abandon'd to Distress — You must — You will —
For as our Sov'raign left his Power with you
He left his Mercies too.

Barb. Her tears inflame me:
And were this Dukedom which I hold in trust
My due by Birth, I'd give it in exchange
For this sweet Innocence, this Artless Beauty.
Indeed (my pretty One) you wrong your Charms;
Nay I must say, you wrong your Virtue too
By this concern, for an abandon'd Slave,
Devoted to all Crimes; forget and scorn him.

Fla. I gave my heart before I knew his Vices,
But it will be my triumph to reclaim him,
I do beseech your Honour to call him home.

Barb. And what Return may I expect for this?

Fla. Goodness has always been it's own reward;
But to convince you that your Courtesie
Shall not be wholly thrown away upon me,
By Day or Night you shall command —

Barb. What?

Fla. My Prayers.

Barb. A very hopeful Recompence;
What Statesman ever yet took Prayers for pay?
Deluded Maid, thou dost not know thy worth,
This Beauty must not be a Beggar's Prize,
Design'd by Nature for a Nobler Sphere.
What can this Minion whose repeal you seek
Perform for thee? What can a Peasant do
To deck thy Youth, or to enrich thy Age?
Come be advis'd, here's Gold and Jewels for thee

The Pride, the Pomp of Nature shall be thine:
Make all your study how to please your self,
Fortune shall wait to see your wish perform'd.

Fla. Are you our Prince, my Lord?

Barb. What means that Question?

Fla. If you were,
The Prince should be deny'd.

Barb. Then much more I.

Why do I trifle thus? I am no Prince,
Yet will not be deny'd; ——— Who waits without?

Fla. Heaven shield me! You intend no Violence.

Barb. What I intend is Love; if you refuse,
You make the Rape, that's all: Who waits I say?

Enter Servant.

Fla. Help Heaven?

Serv. My Lord, my Lord most unexpected News!

Barb. Come near

And bear this peevish Girl to my Apartment,
She'll thank me for the Force.

Serv. The Duke, my Lord, his Highness.

Barb. Take her Slave.

Serv. His Highness is return'd from *Millain*.

Barb. Ha!

The Duke return'd from *Millain*? Thou art mad.

Serv. Just now arriv'd my Lord, and coming hither.

Barb. Here!

Dispose of her as I commanded thee,
'Till I find out the meaning of this Dream.

Ha! that's his voice——And here he comes in Person:

Let her go Slave.—Away dear Maid, away. [*Puts her out.*]

Enter Trappolin with his Spirits invisible. Alberto from the other Side.

Barb. Great Sir,

Upon our Knees we welcome your Return,

Trap. And upon our Legs we take it: —Hem! hem!

[*He starts about.*]

Alb. Your Highness comes unlook'd for, we did not expect
This happy time so soon by fourteen Days

(*pect Barb.*)

Barb. So please your Grace, where is our Dutcheſs ?

Trap. Your Dutcheſs will not come 'till the Gods know when ; for my part I know nothing of the matter. I let my Train behind me and come unlook'd for, to ſee how you Governed in my Abſence, which I fear you have done ſcurvily enough.

Alb. How wild he talks !

Trap. *Eo, Meo, and Areo*, well ſtuck to me I'faith— Well Lords, you never pity my Misfortunes ; I have been robb'd in my Journey, had my Horſe taken from me, and if it had not been for Father Conjurer.

Barb. How Sir ?

Trap. I ſay, if I had not been a Conjurer, I had ne'er got home in my Royal Skin ; ——— Well ſtuck there again, Boys, well ſtuck.

Alb. What means your Highneſs ?

Trap. Our Highneſs means to take exact account of Affairs ; I left an honeſt Fellow here, call'd *Trappolin*. What become of him ?

Barb. Your Highneſs gave me charge to baniſh him.

Trap. Why there's the Pillar of our State gone. You took him for Buffoon, but I found him one of the beſt Politicians in Chriſtendom ; other Countries will value him and for ought I know, he's a Prince by this time—
Eo, Meo, and Areo true Lads ſtill.

Alb. I am amaz'd !

Trap. Hear me, you Lord *Barberino* I love diſpatch in Affairs, tell me therefore quickly what you take to be the duty of a Statesman ?

Barb. To ſtudy firſt his Royal Maſter's Profit,
And next to that his pleaſure ; to purſue
No ſiniſter deſign of private gain ;
Nor pillage from the Crown to raiſe his Heirs,
His baſe-born Brood in Pomp above the Race
Of old deſcended Worth ; to know Deſert,
And turn the Prince's favour on his Friends ;
And keep an open Ear to juſt Complaints.

Trap. Why there 'tis. I have travel'd, and can tell you what a Statesman ſhould be. I will have him ten times prouder than his Maſter ; I, and ten times richer too. To know none of his old Friends, when he is once in Office

A Duke and no Duke.

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inform himself who has Merit, that he may know whom
do nothing for ; to make Solicitors wait seven Years to
purpose, and to Bounce thro' a whole Regiment of 'em
ke a Soldier through the Gantlet.

Alb. This is meer Frenzy.

Trap. And there is another good Friend of mine, *Brun-*
etto, where is he ?

Alb. Dread Sir, Your Highness knows that for his Pre-
sumption in Courting of your Sister, you confin'd him.

Trap. Nothing but lying in this World ! I confine him :
'Tis well known I never had a Sister in my Life.

Barb. No Sister, Sir ?

Trap. No, *Jack Sawce*, none that's worth imprisoning a
friend for ; honest *Brunetto* I'll be with thee in the twink-
ing of a ——— *Eo, Meo, and Aeo*, sit fast ; pass. [*Exit.*

Alb. He cannot counterfeit so much.

Barb. I know not ;

but if he do not, he is surely mad.

Alb. The Heav'ns be merciful !

What wild fantastick things he do's ? And talks

Of *Eo, Meo, and Aeo* ; Names

Unheard of in the Court before.

Barb. Some *Millain Counts* I warrant you.

This kindness to *Brunetto* is most strange.

Alb. Let's after him, and wait his better Leisure.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE. A Prison.

Re-enter Trappolin.

Trap. **W**HAT a dismal Place is here, I'll have it car-
ry'd bodily out of my Dukedom. Alas poor
Brunetto, what has he done to be shut up here ?

—Oh here he comes !

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. What can the Duke design by coming hither ?

For certain, it must be to see me strangled :

Well let him execute his Tyrant will,

For Death itself were Mercy to this Dungeon,

Great Prince.

Trap.

Trap. He makes a very low leg, but I scorn to be done in Courtesie.

Bru. What can this cruel Mockery intend? Your Highness does forget yourself extremely I am your Prisoner.

Trap. My best Friend *Brunetto*.

Bru. I am astonish'd! Sir, upon my knees I do congratulate your safe Return.

Trap. And upon my Knees I do embrace thee, honest *Brunetto*.

Bru. I know not what to think or speak. I do beseech your Highness Rise.

Trap. Not without thee: Therefore up I say; away with Complements, I cannot abide them.

Bru. You honour me above expression.

Trap. A Fig for honour, I love thee man; Sirrah Jailor bring Chairs hither presently.

Bru. Your Highness.

Trap. Away with Highness, I say, away with it; call me *Lavin*, plain *Medices*.

Bru. Sure I am awake, this is no Dream?

Trap. We will live merrily together, i'faith we will. Come Sirrah what a while have you been bringing these Chairs? I have known a Pimp made a Prince in less time than *Brunetto* sit thee down, sit down I say.

Bru. I will attend your Highness on my Knees.

Trap. Why, I am not thy Father, am I? Sit thee here.

Bru. On the right hand—That must not be.

Trap. Why an'thou wilt have it there, there let it be. But hold, I am mistaken, that is on the left hand; that must not be: Dost thou think I have no manners in me?

[*They remove their Chairs several times.*]

Bru. There is no remedy, I must obey.

Trap. Very well,—What now art thou afraid of me? Marry an'thou draws't back, I'll draw back too: Therefore sit still I say, and let us talk.

Bru. Great Sir, I am unworthy of these honours. Your Noblest *Florentines* would be most proud To be thus grac'd.

Trap. I love not these set speeches. Let us talk as we were in a Tavern together.—Now, I prithee Marry how came'st thou into this damn'd Dungeon?

Bru. I, now the Storm comes.—Pardon me Dread Sovereign.

Trap. What, on thy Knees again? Dost take me for *Mahomet*? As well as I can pardon thee, I do pardon thee whatever it be, tho' thou hast kill'd every body.

Bru. Wherefore this Torture, Sir, before my Death, 'Tis Tyranny; your Highness knows my Crime Was in aspiring to your Royal Sister.

Trap. Wast thou laid up for that? Alas for thee! Hast thou marry'd her?

Bru. Beseech your Grace.

Trap. Well, An'thou hast not, I would thou hadst got her consent, and here I give thee mine. So come along with me to Dinner.

Bru. Your Highness shall command me to my Death.

Trap. I say, Thou shalt have her, and if I had two Sisters thou shouldst have them both—Who waits there?
[*Barberino, Alberto, Attendants Enter.*

Now my good Lords, you see this Apartment, and you thought fit to have *Brunetto* shut up here for making Love to my Sister.

Alb. It was your Highness's Judgment and Command.

Trap. Jaylor, take me these two Coxcomby Lords, and keep them under Lock: They are never well but when they are doing mischief. In my Conscience and Soul, here is such Incumbrance of perplexity, that I protest—Come along Friend.
(*Exit with Brunetto.*)

Barb. Why, this is meer Distraction.

Alb. We must endure it.

(*They go in.*)

ACT II.

SCENE. *The Palace.*

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. **T**HIS Duke's Life is very pleasant! Did ever any man come to preferment upon lighter terms, I am made a Prince, and Father Conjurer goes to the Devil for't.
D *Enter*

Enter Flametta.

Who's here my pretty little Rogue? I mar'l what makes her at Court, tho' I fear this Affair will cost *Lor Barberino* a Castration.

Fla. Here is the Duke alone, whom I so long Have sought for, to petition for repeal Of my Dear *Trappolin*:——
I do beseech your Grace
Take pity on a Miserable Maid
Bereav'd of all her Joys.

Trap. All her Joys, that's Me!

Fla. I humbly beg
Poor banish'd *Trappolin* may be recall'd.

Trap. Dear Honey suckle, she even makes me weep.

Fla. Great Sir, That you have Noble thoughts.

Trap. I have so.

Fla. The World is Witness, and by Consequence
A heart full of Commiseration.

Trap. 'Tis so; What a torment is this now, that I must counterfeit with her? Fair Maiden rise; What is your Name?

Fla. Flametta.

Trap. Thou shalt fare the better for that:——Trouble not your self, your *Trappolin* shall be recall'd; and I would I were sacrific'd, if I do not love him as well as I do myself.——

Who comes yonder? the Princess.

Enter Prudentia.

Fla. This is most Gracious.——

Trap. Some of my rogue Lords talk'd of hanging him if e'er he come home again; but upon my Honour I swear it, that if they hang him, they shall hang me; and so shall thy heart at rest.

Fla. Heav'n bless your Highness.

Trap. If this be the Princess, I'll be sworn *Brunetto* will be in the Right of it.

Pru. Ten thousand Welcomes, Sir: I never found Such tedious Hours since you left the Court.

Trap. Fair Lady, come hither——You are our Sister you'll say.

Prud. I hope my Conduct, Sir, has ne'er giv'n Cause
for you to doubt of my Relation to you :
I am your Sister, Sir, and Servant.

Trap. I am sorry for't.

Prud. I do beseech your Highness, on what ground?

Trap. For a Carnal Reason, that shall be nameless. But
since we are Brother and Sister, we must content our selves
well as we can.

Prud. I am surpriz'd at this : I heard indeed
his Language and Deportment was much alter'd ; —
but, I am glad to see you safe return'd,
it should have been more joyful, had you brought
our Dutchess with you.

Trap. She'll come soon enough, never fear it : But Si-
r, To our Affair in hand (for I am Vengeance hungry.)
At my Return here I found *Brunetto* in Goal, and it ap-
pear'd to be for Love of you : Tell me Sister can you
pity him ?

Prud. Your Will, Sir, is the square of all my Actions ;
I have no Aversion for *Brunetto's* Passion :
besides, his Quality, tho' yet conceal'd,
is worthy of your Blood, he is a Prince ;
his Name *Horatio*, and the second Son
of *Savoy's* Duke.

Trap. My Friend a Prince ; besworn I no more thought
of seeing him a Prince than my self : Sister, you shall
have my Consent to marry him, and so there's an end.

[*A confused noise without.*]

What's there to do ?

Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, This is the Day and Hour, in which
your Highness is wont to determine Causes in your Chair of
Justice here. And accordingly here are several Persons
come to appeal to your Highness for Justice.

Trap. What ! Justice before I have Dined ? I tell you,
it is a dangerous thing : I had like to have been hang'd
for my Self, because the Judge was Fasting ; — Well,
let them enter.

[*He takes the Chair of State.*]

Tell, here sits the Government : In the first place I would
have the Court take Notice, that in Affairs of State, I think

that words are not to be multiply'd, and I think so I shall not do so; and if I do not, no body else must: So that in this Assembly, he that speaks little, will speak better than he that talks much; and he that says nothing, better than they both.

The People being brought in, A Woman with her Daughter stand forth.

Wom. I do beseech your Highness to do me Justice; I have liv'd long with Fame amongst my Neighbours; My Husband too bore Office in the Parish
*Till he was kill'd in fighting for your Highness,
And left me but this dear and only Daughter,
Whom this old Sinner has debauch'd,
And spoil'd her Fortune.

Trap. Debauch'd? That is to say, lay with her and got her Maidenhead.

Wom. Your Highness has a most discerning Judgment.

Trap. And how did he do this? Lawfully by the help of a Pimp, or without it?

Wom. O most unlawfully! For, Sir, he has a Wife and Son too of his own Inches.

Trap. A Son of his own Inches; good,
Then the Decision of this Cause is easie:
Do you hear Woman, we will have that Son debauch'd
you shall get that Son's Maidenhead, and spoil his Fortune.

Wom. I do beseech your Grace, what? —

Trap. No replying after Sentence. — Whose Cause is next.

Another Woman stands forth.

Wom. Great Duke of Tuscany vouchsafe to hear me:
I am a poor and helpless Widow, one
That had no Comfort left me but my Child,
Whom this vile Minion *Whipp* the Coach-man here
Being Drunk, drove over him and left him dead.
I do beseech your Highness, make my Case
Your own, and think what sad Distress —

Trap. Hold, hold, I will have no flourishing — The Cause requires some half a Minute's Consideration more than the former: *Whipp* you say, being drunk drove over your Child and kill'd him: why look you Woman, Dr

will make a Coach-man a Prince, and *Vice versa* by the Rule of Proportion, a Prince a Coach-man, so that this may be my own Case another time ; however, that shall make no obstruction of Justice :—Therefore *Whipp* shall lye with you, and be suspended from driving, till he has got you another Child.—

Wom. So please your Grace, this is still worse.

Trap. No replying after Sentence.—Who's next ?

[*A Puritan stands forth.*]

Pur. So please your temporal Authority.

Trap. How now ! my mortifi'd Brother of *Geneva*, what carnal Controversie are you engag'd in ?

Pur. Verily, there is nothing carnal in my Cause : I have sustained violence, much violence, and must have much Compensation from the ungodly.

Trap. What is your Grievance ?

Pur. I will pour it forth in the words of Sincerity.

Trap. I care not a Farthing for Sincerity, let me have it in Brevity.

Pur. This Person here is by Occupation a Mason or Tiler, as the Language of the world termeth it ; whilest therefore I stood contemplating a new Mansion that I had prepared unto my self, at the same time that this Person occupied his Vocation aloft thereon, or rather should have occupied ; such was his wicked negligence, that he fell from the top of the building most unconscionably upon my outward man, even with all his carnal weight, and almost bruised me unto the Death, I being clad in thin Array (through the immoderate heat of the Season,) namely, five Cassocks or Coats, seven Cloaks, and one dozen of quilted Caps.

Trap. Believe me, Sirs, a most important matter ! If such enormities go unpunish'd, what Subject can be safe ? Why, if any perverse Fellow take a Pique against his Neighbour, it is but getting up 8 or 10 or 14 stories high, and to fall down upon him as he stands thinking no harm in the Street : I do therefore Decree, That this Tiler shall stand below, while you get upon the Battlements of the House, and fall down upon him.

Pur. This is still most monstrous.

Trap

Trap. As for petty Causes, let them wait till we have
Dined—*Eo, Meo, and Aeo!*—Come along Sister.

Enter Duke Lavinio, Isabella the Dutchess, Ladies and Attendants.

Lav. My heart's best Treasure, charming *Isabella*;
You are most welcome to the Court of *Florence*,
And when I lose the sense of such a Blessing;
And cease to make your happiness my study,
Let me become a Tributary Lord,
And hold my Birth-right at another's will.

Isab. Dread Sir, I know and prize my happiness:
Blest doubly in your Fortunes and your Love.

Lav. My absence from Affairs so long, requires
My close Attendance now for some few hours;
Then I'll return to settle Loves Account,
With flaming heart at Beauties Altar bow,
And pay my Vows with double Adoration.
Mean while, our Princess and her Train once more
Shall welcome you to *Florence*:
Attend the Dutchess in.

[Ex. all but Lavinio and Guards]

The Face of things seems alter'd since I went;
Some strange fantastick humour has possess'd
In general the Citizens of *Florence*;
As yet I have met with none, but who amaze me;
And speak of Matters done by me, as if
I had been here before my Dutchess came.
Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me;
They'll soon resolve—

[Barberino and Alberto appear through the Grate]

Barb. Most gracious Sir,
Pity your Subjects, and most faithful Servants.

Lav. Confusion! Are my Eyes and Ears both charm'd
Our Deputies whom we did leave in trust
Of our whole Power, chain'd, shackl'd, and in Jail!
Set them at large, and in my Presence now
Before this Minute can expire, or I
Shall go distracted ere I know the Cause.
Sure some ill Spirit has possess'd
My Subjects minds when I was gone; D'ye know me?

Barb.

Barb. The Duke of *Florence* our most gracious Master.

Lav. Are not you call'd *Barberino*, you *Alberto*,
My prudent faithful Counsellors to whom
left the Government of *Tuscany*?

Alb. We are your Loyal Subjects, tho' your Prisoners.

Lav. How came you so?

Barb. Great Sir, your self knows well?

'Twas only for obeying your Commands.

Lav. A Plot, a general Plot upon my Wits;
Tell me the meaning, jest not with my Rage,
I charge you do not, therefore speak sense to me;
Or on your naked hearts I'll read the Riddle.

Alb. Alas! what shall we say? Great Sir, you know
That none except your Royal self could do it,
And to your Sacred Justice we appeal
How far we have deserv'd.

Lav. Perdition! Furies!

Where will this end? Gods! I shall burst with Choler.
Be merciful good Heav'n, and give me Temper.

Alb. Amen good Heaven; I fear the fatal want.

Lav. Some Frenzie has on the poor Wretches seiz'd,
Or else they durst not thus to tempt my Fury,
Indeed I was to blame in threatening you,
Who so much need my pity: My good Lords,
do beseech you to collect your Wits,
And tell me gently how you came in Prison.

Barb. By the Prosperity of *Tuscany*,
Your Highness left us there.

Lav. When did I so?

Alb. The self same time you went in Person thither to free
Brunetto.

Lav. The self same time that I went thither
To free *Brunetto*: Death, whom? What *Brunetto*?

Barb. Your Prisoner taken in the *Mantuan* Wars.

Lav. The more I search, the more I am confounded,
Quite lost within a Labyrinth of wonders.

Alb. Gods! how he speaks, as if we all were mad,
And he had done nothing.

Lav. I will yet have patience:
Tell me my Lords, if you are very sure
That you are well and Masters of your Sense.

Barb

Barb. If e'er your Highness knew us so we are.

Lav. Yet give me leave to think what I do know ;
I can sustain no more.—Come hither *Captain*.
These Lords affirm, that I put them in Prison,
How say you to't?

Capt. Great Sir, your Highness did,
You saw them left in Custody that Minute
You freed *Brunetto*.

Lav. He's in the same Tale :
Tho' they are all alike depriv'd of sense,
Yet do they all agree in what they say ;
But why, good Captain, I will reason't with you,
Should I desire *Brunetto's* liberty?
Would it not be a foul dishonour think you
To the Great Family of *Medices*,
To cast away our Sister upon one
We neither yet know whom, nor what he is:
I pray you therefore, Captain, if you have
Any small fragment of your Wits remaining,
Reply accordingly.

Capt. Sir, it is certain,
That if your Highness should bestow your Sister,
On such a one as you are pleas'd to mention,
The Conduct would surprize the world ; but Sir,
I heard your self, distinctly I did hear you,
To call *Brunetto*, Prince *Horatio*,
The second Son to the Duke of *Savoy*.

Lav. Vengeance !
My wonder is so great, that I want words
Wherewith to give it vent : I see that all
My Subjects being distracted, think me mad.

Capt. Nay more, Your Highness gave the Princess charge
That she prepar'd herself, for in two days
You'd see her marry'd to the Prince *Horatio*.

Lav. Enough ! Yet Gods I'll hold my Reason yet.
Florence I left a most ingenious City,
But find it wofully at my Return
Possess'd with strange unheard of *Lunacy*.
Captain, I swear to you by my Dukedom,
I'd rather send for that *Brunetto's* head,
Than such a message as you say I did.

Capt. Beseech Your Highness look, let your own eyes convince you of the Truth of what I said.

Enter Brunetto and Prudentia.

Bru. Divine *Prudentia*, All thy Sexes Charms in thee are centred, and from that fair Union receive a fresh unspeakable Addition; Your Brother's good ev'n to a Miracle, and gave me thralldom, but to raise my Joy.

Prud. Indeed it speaks a Noble Nature in him to Crown Desert, though in an Enemy. And now I must confess without a blush, You long have been my heart's dear secret choice, but never durst give Ear to your Addresses Till by my Brothers free consent allow'd.

Bru. Said you Consent? Alas! that Name falls short of his Transcendent Grace: He's earnest for us, urges and drives us to the Bow'r of Joy.

Lav. Furies and Scorpions drive you, Whirlwinds part you.

Prud. My Royal Brother.

Lav. Damn'd Infernal Creature! more false than *Helen*, and the greater Plague.

Bru. I did suspect at first 'twas his Distraction That favour'd my aspiring hopes, and now fear 'thas chang'd his mind to my undoing.

Prud. Wherein Dear Sir, have I deserv'd this Usage? Was't not your Order?

Lav. Sulphur choak thy voice: I'll spend no Breath upon a thing so vile.

You, Sir, My new made Favourite, come near And tell me, are you Son to *Savoy's* Duke?

Bru. Your Highness knows I am his Second.

Lav. I know you are his Second? Blood and Fire. This Frenzy has seiz'd him too.

Then know, Sir, were you *Savoy's* Eldest Son, My Sister once deserv'd a better Match;

And she shall rather in a Monastery sigh out a weary Life without Devotion,

Than be your Wife.——To Prison with the Boaster Till *Savoy* fetch him thence.

[*The Guards hurry him off.*]

Barb.

Barb. This relishes of Reason.

Alb. Heav'n preserve

This temper and restore the State of *Florence*.

Laov. Come Lords, and lend your best Assistance to me
Sleep shall not close my Eyes, nor Food refresh me,
Till we have search't this Mischief to the Core ;
We'll stop at no Extreame of Blood or Torture,
Baulk no rough Means that may our Peace secure ;
Such desp'rate Ills, must have as desp'rate Cure.

[*Exeunt. manet Prudentia*]

Prud. Unhappy *Florence*! more unhappy I
To see a Prince and Brother thus decay'd,
Bereav'd of Reason, and made less than Man !
My Dear *Horatio*, grieve not at this Usage,
But rather pity thy Oppressor's Fate.

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. Who's here ? the Princess in Tears ? Dear Sister
how dost thou do ? Come, I know your Grievance, and
out of my Natural Affection have taken care for you ; you
marry the Prince *Horatio* this Night.

Prud. One Minute then has chang'd his sullen Humour
Why then, Sir, have you made him a close Prisoner ?

Trap. A Prisoner say you ?——Run Guards and fetch
him to our Presence.——Do not so much abuse your self,
dear Sister, to think I would confine my Friend to Prison.

Prud. You did it, Sir, this Minute, he's scarce there yet.

Trap. Madam Sister, If I did, it was in my Drink, and
certainly I had some politick Reason for it, which I have
now forgot.——Some more Wine Slave to clear my Un-
derstanding.

Brunetto brought in here.

Bru. How soon his mind is chang'd ? The Heaven's be-
prais'd.

Trap. Dear Prince *Horatio* an' you do not forgive me
Locking you in Prison, I shall never be merry again, and
so here is to you dear Prince *Horatio*.

Bru. Upon my Knees I pay my humblest Thanks.

Trap. Come, come, Take her along Man, take her a-
long, I know Lovers would be private, and so agree the
rest among your selves. [Brunetto leads off *Prudentia*.]

Barbe-

Barberino and Alberto passing over the Stage.

Trap. Who's yonder? My Lords Banishers at large agen? will the Government never be able to drink in quiet for em? Seize those Traytors there, and carry them to Prison. And do you hear, Sirrah, it shall be Treason for any Body to let them out.

Off. Unless by Order from your Highness.

Trap. Orders from my Highness? I tell you Rascal, it shall be Treason to let them out, tho' I command it myself. Away with them, go.

Enter Isabella.

What *Bona Roba* have we here now?

Ifab. My Dearest Lord.

Trap. For her Dress and Beauty she may be a Dutcheß, who are you Madam?

Ifab. Do you not know me, Sir?

Trap. It seems she is none of the wisest, tho'.

Ifab. How am I alter'd since I came from *Millain*?

Trap. Oh! 'tis the Dutcheß: You are our Wife, you'll say?

Ifab. Sir:

Trap. I am glad of it I promise you; come kiss then incontinently.

Ifab. What mean you, Sir, you are merrily dispos'd.

Trap. Madam Dutcheß, I am somewhat jovial indeed, I have been drinking freely, and so kiss me again.

Ifab. My Lord.

Trap. You are a handsome Woman I promise you, and tell me Madam Dutcheß, am not I a proper handsome Fellow?

Ifab. Sir, Do not jest with me, you know you are The Man whom I esteem above the World.

Trap. What a winning look was there too?——To Bed my Dear, to Bed.——I'll but take 'tother Flask, to put State Affairs out of my Head, and then——Ah! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Lavinio.

Lav. **Y**OU Glorious Planets that do nightly guide
 The giddy Ships upon the Ocean Waves,
 If some of your malignant Influences
 Have rais'd this madness in my Subjects minds,
 Let some of your more gentle Aspects now
 Restore them to their Sense.

Barberino and Alberto appear in Prison.

I am astonish'd, Heaven's! What do I see?
 My Lords imprison'd? Free them instantly
 Without reply, for should you answer me,
 I know you'll say I did it, and distract me.

Capt. His ill Fit's off again.

Lav. I do not think that since the Infancy
 And first Creation of the World, a madness
 Pestiferous and equal unto this
 Was ever known, all-Gracious Heav'n reveal
 The fatal Cause, or lay our Cities waste.

Barb. Most Gracious Sovereign, How have we deserv'd
 Thus to be made the scorn of Vulgar Eyes?

Lav. Yet send me Patience Heav'n!
 I wonder Lords, that you of all my Subjects
 Whom I have known to bear the Noblest Judgments,
 Should thus distract your selves in your wild Fits:
 You run to Prison of your own accord,
 And say I sent you.

Alb. Most Royal, Sir, we grieve to see these days;
 You did command us thither.

Lav. I?

Barb. Your Highness self.

Lav. You are both deceived, to act such idle Errors,
 And lay the blame on me.

Capt. So please your Grace, you did again commit 'em,
 That very hour in which you set them free.

Lav. I commit them?

I tell you all with sorrow, witness Heav'n

How

How deep that sorrow is ! you are all mad :
Therefore in this small interval of Sense,
Betake you with one voice to your Devotion,
And pray the incens'd Gods to be appeas'd,
And keep you from Relapse.

Both. Heav'n bless your Highness. [*Ex. All but Lavinio.*]

La. Plague, Famine, War, the ruinous Instruments
Wherewith incens'd Deities do punish
Poor Mankind for mis-deeds, had they all fall'n
Upon this City, it had been a thing
To be lamented, but not wonder'd at.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My Lord, I have this hour expected you.

Lav. O, my dear *Isabella*, I have brought thee
From *Millain* flourishing with all Delights,
Into a City full of Men distracted.

Isab. He is not sober yet : Go in and sleep, Sir.
You do not well my Lord, thus to betray
Your weakness to the publick view.

Lav. Oh, Heavens !
My Wife and all.

Isab. What say you, Sir ?

Lav. My *Isabella*. Thou hast cause to curse me
For bringing thee into a place infected ;
The Air is poyson'd, and I wonder now
How I have 'scap'd so long.

Isab. I pray go sleep.

La. Why *Isabella* ?

Isab. You have drunk too much.

Lav. Madness unmatch'd !

She's farther gone than any of the rest.
Dear *Isabella* retire into thy Chamber ;
Compose thy thoughts a while, and I'll come to thee,
There we'll beseech the angry Gods together,
That they would yet remove this heavy Ill. *Ex. Isab*

Enter Brunetto and Prudentia.

What do I see ? *Brunetto* unconfin'd ;
I am astonish'd how he came at large ;
Whom I would have to lie in Prison, walk
In freedom, and whom I would have in freedom,
Run of themselves to Prison.—Hell ! They kiss,
Embrace before my Eyes ! My Guards there

Bru.

Bru. Ha!
 He's chang'd again.
Pru. My Noble Brother.
Lav. Off.

Hadst thou thy Reason, and shouldst offer this,
 I'd study Tortures for thee; as thou art,
 I pity thy misfortunes.—Seize your Prisoner:
 Next time I see him free, your head is forfeit.

Prud. Wonders on Wonders, I beseech you, Sir,
 By all the Bonds of Nature, for what cause?

Lav. It is vain to answer frantick People.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE *Draws, and Shews Trappolin asleep,
 Flasks of Wine by him.*

Trap. WHAT a Princely Nap have I taken!—But as
 I remember I was to have gone to my Dut-
 chers, or dreamt so.—Give me a Bumper.

[*Barberino and Alberto enter.*]

My Lords at large again?

Barb. Long live your Highness.

Trap. Amen.

Alb. And happily.

Trap. Amen for that too—But my small Friends how
 came you hither? I thought you had been under Lock and
 Key.

Bar. Alas! he is relaps'd as bad as ever.

Trap. Sirrah Captain, Why kept you not these Vermine
 up till I bid you let them out?

Capt. So please your Grace, I did.

Trap. Will you lie Rascal to my Princely Face; [*Hethrows*

Capt. Gods! will this Humour never leave him? *Wine in*

Barb. We must in again.

his Face.

Trap. To Kennel with them, walk my good Lords Ba-
 nishers, your Honours know the way. Along with them.
 'Trugh! trugh!

Alb. There is no remedy.

[*They are carried off.*]

Trap.

Trap. Thus far I take it, we have kept the Government good Order; now for my Dutcheſs, lead to her Grace's apartment.

[*Officer enters.*]

Off. Ambaſſadors from *Savoy* deſire admittance.

Trap. What are their Names?

Off. Sir, I preſum'd not to enquire.

Trap. Then what's their Buſineſs?

Off. That Sir were worſe preſumption.

Trap. Thou insolent Varlet, what a Vulgar Fellow do'st thou take me for, to ſpeak with Strangers before I know their Buſineſs?—Well Sirrah, ſet a Bumper by our Chair of State, and bring them to our Preſence.

Off. What can this mean?

Trap. Suppoſe now, that thoſe ſhould be Spies upon our Government, in the ſhape of Ambaſſadors: Loving Subjects, if that be their buſineſs, I ſhall be frank and tell them, they have the wrong Sow by the Ear. For as the Antients were wont to ſay, (thoſe Antients were a wiſe Nation) it was with them a principle Maxime, *Some wiſer than ſome*: 'Truſt me for Politicks, I'faith.

Enter Ambaſſadors.

1. *Amb.* Dread Sir, by us the Duke of *Savoy* ſends to greet your Nuptials with the *Millaneſe*, Wiſhing all happineſs to great *Lavinio*.

Trap. 'Tis civilly done, by my Troth, and there is no love loſt, I can aſſure him.

2. *Amb.* Is this the ſo much fam'd *Lavinio*, renowned for Wiſdom and Severity?

Trap. I ſay, it ſhews his good Nature as well as his breeding, and ſo here's his good health.

1. *Amb.* This is moſt ſtrange.

Trap. So much for Ceremony, now to our Buſineſs: For what can more befit a Prince than Buſineſs, Which always is beſt done *Propria Persona*: therefore Spice my Mornings Draught my ſelf.

2. *Amb.* I am aſtoniſh'd.

Trap. The next prime Quality is for a Prince Well to inform him of neighbouring Courts, What Customs and Diversions are in uſe; But chiefly by what Politicks they ſteer,

What

What Method in Affairs of State they take,
Whereby to square his own Concerns at home :
I therefore ask, *What Wine you have in Savoy?*

1. *Amb.* This is gross Mockery.

2. *Amb.* Or utter Frenzy.

We come not, Sir, to trifle, and 'tis time
We now declare the Order of our Message :
Our Royal Master is at last informed,
His only Brother, and his Dukedom's Heir,
Lies here confin'd in close Imprisonment ;
Release him instantly, and we are Friends :
Refuse us ; and our sole Reply is War.

Trap. If you bring nothing but War, e'en carry it back
with you again : We can drink and quarrel fast enough
mongst our selves ;——But heark you, For the sake
some Dukes that shall be nameless, before I treat with your
Master, I must know by what Title he holds.

1. *Amb.* By Native and Legitimate Claim.

Trap. That is as much as to say, I am an Usurper.

2. *Amb.* By most unquestion'd and immediate Right
From Heav'n.

Trap. As who should say, my Preferment came from the
Devil.

1. *Amb.* We ask your final Answer, Peace or War.

Trap. My final Answer is, to tell no Man my Pleasure
till I know it my self.

2. *Amb.* Let us declare for Arms then, and away.

1. *Amb.* It cannot be with this Fantastick Tale ;
To bring this strange Account, will speak us mad,
And with our Prince ne'er gain the least Belief.

Trap. Look you Sirs, Your Master and I, can agree
fall out at our Leisure ; but if he pretend to love the
Prince *Horatio* better than I do, he is a very uncivil Person
and so I shall tell him when I next light into his Company.

1. *Amb.* Heavens ! this is still more strange.

Trap. Will he fight for him ?

2. *Amb.* He'll Conquer for him, *Florence* shall confess it.

Trap. Then I have one familiar Question more,
Will he Pimp for him ?

1. *Amb.* Prodigious !

Trap. Not Pimp for him ? Let him pretend no further ;
 if he ne'er Pimp'd for him, his claim is done.
 Will he give him his Sister ?

2. *Amb.* That were foul Incest ; and besides, he has none.

Trap. Why no more have I, nor ever had in my Life,
 and yet I have given him mine.——But as for your Prin-
 cess, let her set her Heart at rest ; for if my Friend must
 not have her, I will marry her my self.

1. *Amb.* What, while your *Milanese* is living ?

Trap. That I confess I had forgot, Care for the State has
 turn'd my Brain:—But here is to our better Understanding.
 [*Drinki.*

2. *Amb.* This is beyond all Sufferance, gross Affront ;
 and *Florence* shall in Blood lament the Folly.

Trap. In the name of *Mars*, then let your Master know,
 care not, when we meet at the Head of our Army——
 to crack a Bottle. [*Exeunt* severally.

Enter Lavinio hastily.

Lav. I've found, I've found at last the fatal Riddle :
 it must be so, the Gods inspire the Thought,
 Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me.

Serv. From Prison Sir ?

Lav. From Prison Slave, what mean'st thou ?

Serv. Your Highness but this Minute sent them thither ;
 Nor will your Officer at my Request
 release them, 'twas so strict a Charge you gave.

Lav. Here take my Signet for a Token : Bid them
 attend me instantly in my Apartment.

It must, it must be so, some spiteful Fiend
 permitted by the Heav'ns assumes my Shape :

and what I do, undoes ; no other Cause
 remains in Nature for these strange Effects ;

pity me Gods, your lab'ring Minister ;

Remove this Plague, and save the State of *Florence*. [*Exit.*

Enter Trappolin, as going to the Dutchess's Bed-Chamber.

Trap. The next is the Dutchess's Bed-Chamber.——
 and yonder she is fast asleep——What a Neck and
 Breast is there?——Now do I reckon that my Friend *Br-
 etto* and I shall encounter much about a time. I ought to
 have seen him a Bed first, but my Natural Affection to my
 Dutchess prevail'd above my Manners.

Re-Enter Servant:

Serv. Here is your Ring again, Sir,

Tray. What Ring?

Serv. Your Signet, Sir, which you sent me with, I have according to your Order releas'd the Lords.

Trap. Give it me: Now, go Slave commend me to *Brunetto*, and bid him start fair.

Serv. From Prison Sir?

Trap. From Prison say you?—— Here take my Signet with you again, and release him: and say, I charge him on his Allegiance to go to Bed to the Princess immediately make all fast without there; I can find the Way to her Grace by my self: Away. [*Ex. Servants, &c.*]

[*As he is going in, he meets Lavinio entering*

Lav. 'Tis strange they come not yet;——What do
This is the Hellish Phantasm that has bred
All this Confusion in our Court; good Gods
How he resembles me! That I my self
Would almost take him for my self. What art thou?

Trap. I am *Lavinio*, Duke of *Tuscany*.

Lav. He speaks too, and usurps my Name.
If thou art a Fiend, the gracious Heav'ns be kind,
And put a Period to thy wild Proceedings;
But if thou art a Witch, I'll have thee burnt.

Trap. Burnt? Traytor, burn your lawful Duke!

Lav. I'll try if thou hast Substance, struggle not,
For thou may'st sooner break from *Hercules*:
I'll have thee flead from thy enchanted Skin,
In which thou represents my Person.

Trap. I say beware of Treason; flea off my Skin?

Lav. Guards, Guards, Guards.

Trap. Guards, Guards.

Lav. A Traytor, a Traytor.

Trap. A Traytor, a Traytor.

As they strive and call together, Trappolin flings the enchanted Powder in his Face, Lav. quits his hold.

There's some of Father Conjuror's Powder for you; what it will do for me I know not, but there 'tis.

Lav. The Sorcerer has blinded me.

Trap. Ay, so would Powder of Pest for the present; but

If this be all the wonderful Effects, I'll save my Skin while
may. [*He runs off.*

Lav. Stop, stop the Traytor, help? Guards, Guards!
[*Runs after him.*

Enter Isabella in her Night-Gown.

Isa. Sure I did hear the Duke my Husband's Voice

as in distress, and calling out for help;

Or did I dream? It must be more than so:

Nay, as I thought, I saw two Figures of him

One coursing of the other:——

The Noise continues still——Who waits? All Deaf?

[*Rings a Bell.*

What, no Attendance here? What can this mean?

This is the private Passage to the Princess's Chamber.

I'll see if all be as silent there.

[*Exits*

Trap. What will become of me? I shall never have the
Heart to swagger it out with him: The Guards are coming

oo: ——Oh rare Powder! 'thas done the Work I'faith.

Re-enter Lavinio, transform'd into the Likeness of Trappo-
lin.

Lav. I have thee, and will hold thee, wert thou *Proteus*.

Enter Captain and Guards.

Trap. Help Subjects, help your Duke's assaulted.

Capt. Audacious Slave.

Lav. Death and Furies.

Capt. What *Trappolin* return'd:

Off. He is distracted sure.

Trap. No, no, *Trappolin* was too honest to assault his na-
tural Prince, this is some Villain transform'd by Magick
to his likeness, *And I will have him slead out of his enchant-*
ed Skin.

Lav. Blood and Vengeance.

Trap. Look to him carefully, till you have our further
Orders: Now once more my Dutcheſs. [*Exit.*

Lav. Unhand me Slaves, I am the Duke your Sovereign.

Al! Ha! ha! ha!

Lav. That Villain that went out, a damn'd Impostor.

Off. Foul Treason, stop his Mouth.

Capt. Alas, he is Lunatick.

Lav. Why did you let th'Impostor Devil 'scape?

Capt. Compose thy self poor *Trappolin*.

Lav. What mean the Slaves by *Trappolin*?

Enter Servant.

Sir, Are you come? Where is my Ring?

Serv. *Trappolin* come home? And as great a Knave, seems as ever: He has heard the Duke sent me with his Ring, and this impudent Rogue thinks to get it.

Lav. The Slaves are now gone mad another Way. They take the Counterfeit for their true Prince, And me it seems for one I do not know, Sure some amongst my Subjects yet will know me, Then Slaves, your Heads shall answer for this Crime.

Enter Flametta.

Fla. I am o'erjoy'd, you are welcome home my Dear I fear alas, I ne'er should see you more: Indeed my Dear, you are beholden to me; 'Twas I that won the Duke for your Repeal.

Lav. Blood and Fire!

Fla. This is unkind to treat me with such coldness, After so long an Absence; have you then Forgot my Truth and Constancy?

Lav. Off Strumpet.

Fla. Dost thou reward me thus for all the Pains I took for thy Return to *Florence*?

Lav. Leave me,
Or I will spurn thee from me.

Fla. O faithless Men! Women by me take heed How you give credit to the perjur'd Sex, Have I all thy long Banishment been true, Refus'd Lord *Barberino* with his Gifts; And am I slighted thus?

Lav. What means the Harlot?
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, have all conspir'd together,
To load me with a Crime unknown before.

Enter Barberino and Alberto.

My Lords, You never came in better Season.
For never was your Prince so much distress;
My very Guards deny me for their Master,
And take a Wizard for the Duke of *Florence*.

Barb. What means the Vagabond, how came he home
I hope the Duke will take care to reward him.
Say Captain, which way is our Royal Master?

Lav. Nay then Destruction is turned loose upon me.

Fla. Alas, he is mad!

Distracted with his Banishment.

Enter Isabella and Prudentia.

Pru. The Vision you relate is wonderful,
And all these strange disorders in the Court
Must needs proceed from some prodigious Cause.

Lav. That is the Princess's voice : *Prudentia*, Sister,
Pity your Brother, speak to these mad Subjects
That do not know their Prince.

Pru. What Fellow's this ?

Capt. Off Sirrah.

Lav. Is she bewitched too?—my Dear *Isabella*.
Thou sure wilt own the Duke thy Husband:—Ha!
She turns away in wonder ! By the Bonds
Of Duty, and of Nature, I conjure you
To do me Right, and own the Duke your Lord:

Alberto, Barberino, Prudentia, Isabella.

All. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Isab. What do you with this frantick wretch ? look to him,
And lodge him in the Hospital.

Lav. Confusion!

Nay then 'tis time to lay me thus on Earth,
And grow one Piece with it [Throws himself down.

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. Your Highness humble Servant,—Dear *Prudentia*,
The Duke once more consents to make us happy,
Here is his Royal Signet for our Marriage.

Enter Trappolin

Trap. *Eo, Meo, and Aro*, rare Boys still.—I am out of
breath with looking for her? the Bed I found, but no
Dutchess, and not one of her Women can tell me where
she is:—Why here they are now all on Bundle. Dear
Pigs-ney, what a naughty Trick was this, to Spirit yourself
away, when you know how frightened I am with lying alone?
—My Princely Friend, Hast thou consummated? That
sneaking look of thine confesses thee Guilty: Well, marry'd
or not marry'd, I am resolv'd to see you a Bed together
incontinently.

Lav. The Devil you shall.

[Rising up hastily.

Fla. Dear *Trappolin* be quiet.

You

You will destroy your self and me—I do beseech your Grace, Forgive him; alafs, he is Lunatick.

Lav. Oh Heav'ns! endure this Impostor thus With his Enchantments to bewitch your Eyes.

Trap. Alafs, poor *Trappolin*: That ever such good Parts as thine should come to this.

Alb. Will he e're suffer this abuse?

Barb. I know not, perhaps one Madman will pity another.

Lav. Ye *Florentines*, I am *Lavinio*; I am the *Tuscan* Duke; this an Impostor That by damn'd Magick, and Infernal Arts Has rais'd these strange *Chimæra's* in the Court.

Alb. Your Highness is too patient.

Fla. Sweet *Trappolin* be rul'd.

Trap. Show him a Glass.

Lav. What do I see? even thus I seem to them: Plagues, Death, and Furies, this is Witchcraft all: [*Breaks* Still I assert my Right, I am *Lavinio*. *the Glass.*]

Trap. Nay then, I see hee'l ne'er come to good: to Prison with him, take him away.

[*As they seize him, Thunder and Lightning breaks forth, Mago rises.*]

Mag. Turn thee *Lavinio* Duke of *Tuscany*.

Lav. Ha! who art thou that own'st my Power and Title, Disclaim'd by all my Subjects?

All. This is strange.

Trap. Father Conjuror here?—I warrant he's going to the Devil now, and calls at Court for Company.

Lav. What e'er thou art, dissolve this Magick Mist; Restore my State, and right an injur'd Prince.

Mag. My Spells alone can do it.

Lav. I know that voice.

Mag. Remember *Guicardi* the *Tuscan* Count, Whom twelve Years since, thou didst unjustly banish; Which tedious hours I chiefly have apply'd To Magick Studies, and in just Revenge Have rais'd these strange disorders in thy Court; Now, Pardon what is past, I'll set all Right.

Lav. I swear by all the Honours of my State, By both my Dukedoms; *Florence* and *Siena*, I pardon what is past.

Trap.

Trap. So here is his Grace and the Devil upon Articles of Agreement, and excluding me from the Treaty:—— Well, I'll e'en banish my self whilst I have the Authority in my own Hands; I have got a handsome Face by the Bargain, and it would grieve me to be flea'd out of it, and therefore I will steal off as silently as I can. [*Exit.*]

Mag. Then take that Chair.

[*He places Lavinio in the Chair. Thunder and Lightning again.*]

Bru. What mean those Prodigies?

Mag. Ye Noble *Florentines* suspend your fears;
And you shall see the wonders of my Skill.
Thus with my Powerful Wand I Crown thy Brow
With grateful slumbers till my Charms are wrought.
You Spirits fram'd of milder Elements,
You that Controul the black malicious Fiends,
Ascend, ascend, and execute my Will.

[*Soft Musick. Spirits rise and dance about Lavinio, who by a device is transform'd before the Audience into his own Appearance, and Habit.*]

All. The Duke! Good Heav'n! How have your Eyes been Charm'd?

Long live your Highness.

Lav. Where have I been? Sure all has been a Dream.

Mag. Your Royal Word is past, you pardon all.

Lav. I do, and weep for Joy
To see my Subjects to their Sense restor'd.

Mag. Brave Prince *Horatio*, your elder Brother, (*To*
The Duke of *Savoy's* dead. (*Brunetto.*)

Lav. Then he is *Savoy*.
Sir, I entreat forgiveness of what's past,
And wish you Joy. (*Gives him Prudentia.*)

Bru } You Crown our Happiness
Prud. }

Lav. Methinks, we have all been scatter'd in a Storm,
And thus by Miracle met here together
Upon the happy shore.—*Horatio*, *Lords*,
Prudentia, *Wife*, let me embrace you all.

(*Trappolin brought in by Spirits, in his own likeness.*)

Lav. Here is th' Impostor, Gods! what abject Things,
When in your Hands, prove Scourges of a State.

Trap.

Trap. Good Father Conjurer, for old Acquaintance sake
Beseech your Grace, use Moderation: (To Lavinio)
You see by me what a Prince may come to.

Lav. Thy Pardon's granted, but depart the Realm.

Fla. Dear *Trappolin* embrace the happy Fate,
And take me with thee.

Trap. My Lord,—I have stood your Lordship's Friend
(To Brunetto)

Bru. In *Savoy* I'll requite thee *Trappolin*.

Trap. *Savoy*, Girl, *Savoy*—a Count, a Count I warrant thee.

Mag. Son *Trappolin*, I am thy natural Father;
And since my Banishment from *Florence*, have
Sustain'd much Hardship, serv'd the *Turk* in's Gallies.

Trap. By your leave Father Conjurer, you have serv'd
the Devil too.

Mag. But from this Hour renounce my wicked Arts.

Lav. So, lasting Happiness on *Florence* fall;
Our Plague's remov'd, and now we'll pass the Time
In Courtly joys; our *Tuscan* Poets shall
From these Disorders, frame Fantastick Scenes
To entertain our beauteous *Millanese*:
Each Accident at leisure will recite,
Misfortunes past, prove Stories of Delight.

A Song

SONG

Written by Sir George Etheridge.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 While *Silvia* seems so kind;
 And takes such care to be believ'd,
 The Cheat I fear to find.
 To flatter me should Falshood lye
 Conceal'd in her soft Youth;
 A thousand times I'd rather die,
 Than see the unhappy Truth;

II.

My Love all Malice shall outbrave,
 Let Fops in Libels rail;
 If she the Appearances will save,
 No Scandal can prevail:
 She makes me think I have her Heart,
 How much for that is due?
 Tho' she but act the tender part,
 The Joy she gives is true.

A SONG written by a Lady.

OH poor *Olinda*! never boast
 Of Charms that have thy Freedom cost,
 They threw at Hearts, and thine is lost.
 Yet none thy Ruine ought to blame,
 His Wit first blew me to a Flame,
 And fans it with the Wings of Fame.

II.

In vain I do his Person shun,
 I cannot from his Glory run,
 That's Universal as the Sun,

SONGS.

In Crowds his Praises fill my Ear,
Alone his Genius does appear,
He, like a God, is ev'ry where,

A SONG written by a Person of Quality.

WHO can resist my *Celia's* Charms?
Her Beauty wounds and Wit difarms;
When these their mighty Forces joyn,
What Heart's so strong but must resign?
Love seems to promise in her Eyes,
A kind and lasting Age of Joys;
But have a care, their Treason shun,
I look'd, believ'd, and was undone,
In vain a thousand ways I strive,
To keep my fainting Hopes alive;
My Love can never find Reward,
Since Pride and Honour is her Guard.

THE

T H E E P I L O G U E.

TRAPPOLIN suppos'd a Duke, *This Action shows*
Strange matters may depend on meer suppose.
He may suppose Masks chaste, loud Nonsense Witty,
Flatterers at Court, no Cheat i' th' City——
Am my self but one i' th' World thought Pretty.
[Pulling off his Perriwig.

Whereas you see no Lillies grow nor Roses,
Masks for Beauty pass, that want their Noses:
The Reverend Citizen, Sixty and above,
That by poor inch of Candle buys his Love,
Supposes that his Son and Heir he Got,
But ask his Wife and she supposes not.
Mean time the Sot, whilst he's a Cuckold made,
Supposes she's at Church praying for Trade.
The Country Squire newly come up to Town,
By Parents doom'd to Lawyers daggl'd Gown,
Supposes some Bright Angel he has gotten,
In our Lewd Gallery till proving Rotten,
His Study soon he leaves for Sweating Tubs,
And Cook and Littleton, for honest Hobs.
For bad dull Cit sent Spouse to Drink the Waters,
And found them helping to her Sons and Daughters,
Had he suppos'd when so the Belly swells,
There must be something in't besides the Wells.
There's no Man here had Married, I'm afraid,
Had he not first suppos'd his Wife a Maid.
Thus, 'tis Opinion must our Peace secure,
For no Experiment can do't I'm sure.
In Paths of Love no Foot-steps e'er were Trac'd,
All we can do is to suppose her Chast;

For

THE EPILOGUE.

*For Women are of that deep subtle kind,
The more we dive to know, the less we find.
Ah Ladies! what strange Fate still Rules us Men?
For whilst we wisely would escape the Gin,
A kind suppose still draws the Woodcocks in:
In all Affairs 'tis so, the Lawyers Baul,
And with damn'd Noise and Nonsense fill the Hall,
Supposing after Seven Years being a Drudge,
'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge.
All things are helpt out by suppose, but Wit;
But what shall we by That suppose to get,
Unless a kind suppose your Minds possess,
For on that Charm depends our Play's Success.
Then tho' you like it not, Sirs, don't Disclose it,
But tho' you are not satisfi'd, suppose it.*

FINIS.



